

Inevitable in such cases yield obedience for the common good to the rule of an old mother or father or an elder brother out of filial piety and fraternal affection. Communities with different notions of the proper way of life and of daily conduct and worshipping what it has become usual to call different gods have lived in these villages for centuries in amity and peace and working for the common good. Their lives are often full of little acts of public beneficence. A grove of trees here to give shade to the traveller, a pond there in which cattle and men may drink water, a stone bench here for the weary or those at leisure to sit on, a stone slab there for the labourer returning from his field to rest his load on for a minute, these and such like little acts showing the kindness and love of humanity of their nameless authors are of frequent occurrence in our villages. Their history is full of stories in which a man gave up his life for the common good. Such sacrifice in the past was commemorated on slabs of stone. In the sculpture on these slabs we see the ideas that ruled the people's minds. The man whose sacrifice is commemorated is shown dying in the lower part of the stone and in the upper part pictured as happy in celestial company, first as attended on by the nymphs of heaven and later as worshipping in the presence of God. Life to-day

makes no such demands on the individual
but when
it does the people have not lacked in
bravery. Cow-
herd lads have attacked and killed single-
handed or
in company, with weapons no better than
sticks and
staves or at the most a large sickle,
panthers and other
wild beasts which more civilised courage
armed with